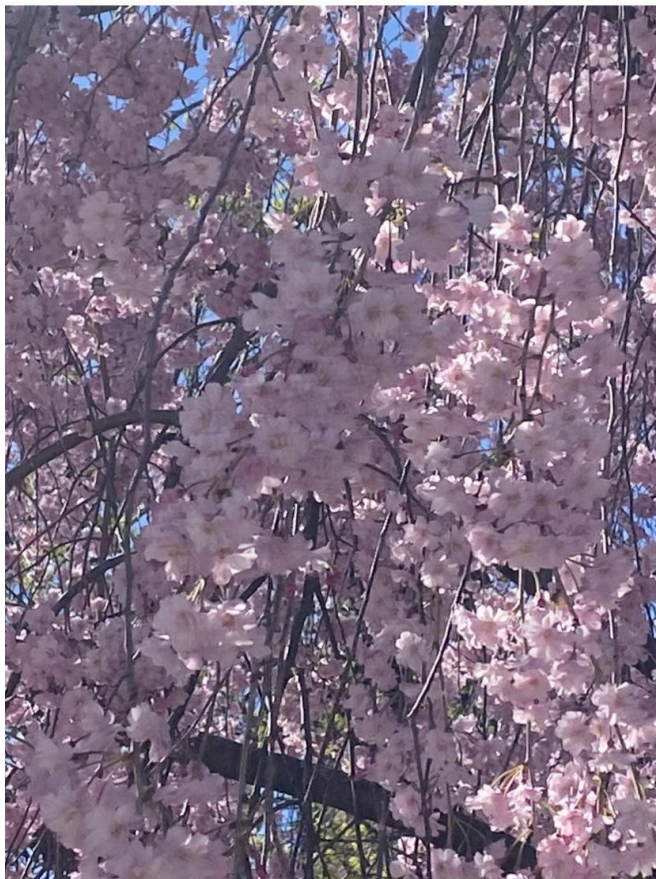


ENCHANTMENT



Poetry

By,
Ash the Poet

Enchantment

What is a wish?

It is a glimmer in the heart

That cannot be ignored

If it is buried, it merely blooms

It may be a gentle flower

Or it may be a wild vine

That snakes its way

Through your subconscious mind

Until it simply

Must

Be.

What is a kiss?

It is a fragile promise

That shatters if betrayed

It is a map

That illustrates two worlds

Intertwining

You're a moon

That found itself in my orbit

I ask you to stay

By sunrise

You've found another planet

What is a dream?

I imagine you by my side

With the stars overheard

Glittering dust

From some far away galaxy

Obstructing my vision
I see your hand in mine
We're reading tea leaves
I see nights brimming with enchantment
And I wonder who I am
Burying these dreams that are merely seeds.

Lazy Sunday

It is a lazy Sunday. And here I am, searching for my Muse. Waiting for Her to come find me like a snake slithering in the moonlight. I don't want a Muse who will sit still in a chair while I sketch her like a French woman, no. My eyes drift shut and my wrist dangles like fish bait over the edge of my bed, the rest of me cocooned in a blanket, just waiting for the fangs of a black mamba to sink into my skin. She is worth spilling ink and blood over. How many artists say they feel most inspired when they are afflicted by the weight of Misfortune? Truthfully, this has never been me. My black mamba curls up around my arm like a vine. Moonlight peaks through the curtains to reveal a clownfish colored milk snake. This is my problem. It is the gentle, docile things that make my heart drop into my stomach. It is Her river blue eyes, it is Her hair that falls like ocean waves, it is Her pulse that quickens mine. The only sinking ship is the havoc wreaked inside my mind. It doesn't take anything icy and big. All it takes is for Her to leave me at the clock, alone. Now watch the words spill onto the page.

What She Wants

She'll do what she wants
Swallow flowers, exhale weight
Sunlight on her wings.

Peak Woman

This is peak woman
Tilted brain, quizzical glance
Bullet between teeth.

She Eats Wax

She eats wax; candles
Consumes blood, strawberry wine
Delicate, fine feast.
Heartbeats devoured, a con.
Her Gorged, Craved, Caressed...set free!

The Female Assignment

There are rules in the female assignment
Be born a flower to plant a garden
Uneven castles, locked gates, don't lament
Remain warm, don't let your sweetness harden
Whispers of rebellion make spines straighten
It is a lie we bend until we break
Rivers bring peace, arrowheads embolden
Tired feet and hands heal, dipped in the lake
Locks on the gates; things are quiet for now
Seeds we planted long ago taste the sun
Not a garden from the sweat of her brow
Rather, a forest. The kingdom She'll run.
One day golden will be her ruby crown
When she tears the uneven castle down.

Humble

Beside a skyscraper, he is humble
His pride in a bottle, tossed out to sea
When truth must be freed, he'll never mumble

Unafraid to fall, willing to tumble
No need to take oneself seriously
Morality lines won't blur or jumble

When refusing to let kindness crumble
He takes her hand with respect, so gently
Wishes sent to the sky in a bubble

Compassion for wolves and for bumble
Bees. With a bow and consent, tasting honey.
Steps around egg shells, scared to cause trouble

Without shame, he'd cry a teary puddle
He'd face the snake that eyed him from the tree
He'll not shy away from the harsh jungle

Given a sword as a boy, capable
Of abusing great power so freely
His nobility impenetrable
His legacy, light, inevitable.

I Talk To You

I talk to you around the clock
Missing pieces in my head
Of snow or roses I wish to tell
I am a child with a sled

Maybe it's because you listen
With no judgment and gentleness
For my emotions, wonderings and quirks
You make space for me to express

I hope I do the same for you
There is more joy in my heart
To know you means a lot to me
Connected souls don't ever part

How does one feel not alone?
How does one feel seen?
It is not a thing that can be planned
But I am lucky to have been.